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## CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

*Poetry and Painting. Examination of an Article on the Analogy between Poetry and Painting; contained in the fifth and sixth numbers, 'old series of the Southern Literary Gazette.'*

We have been led into the following examination from having read two Essays in the *First Series*, upon the present subject. And while we differ, as will be seen, from the views contained there, we cannot but admire the ingenious sophistry and rhetorical chastity, which pervade them throughout. Notwithstanding, a material defect is perceptible; inasmuch as they are wanting in that clear and conclusive argument, which tends not so much to captivate the fancy, as to convince and enlarge the understanding.

In the first place, to adjust or determine the analogy between Poetry and Painting, we must consider the original idea they purport to convey to the mind. And that leads us to notice *imitation*.

Imitation, to be perfect, must strike the mind at first view. It must produce the same emotion upon the will and the understanding, which the natural object would elicit. No train of association is needed to identify it. The transcript is held up to the mind, and if the impression is not instantaneous, the imitation is false and unnatural. 'Our sight,' says Addison, 'is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.'

We cannot, indeed, have a single image in the fancy, that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and

compounding those images which we have once received into all the varieties of picture and vision.\* The proof of this assertion, is seen in a thousand different instances, but more than any in the beautiful coloring of the painter. The poet produces an effect somewhat similar to this, but his imitation is not identical until the fancy has united the several particles which compose the entire picture. Anterior to this, it conceives nothing definite or fixed.

Here it will be perceived, the Poet has undergone a complete '*mechanical labor*.' He has selected his materials either from the Painter, or Nature, or from them both. In order to render his conception visible, something familiar is alluded to throughout; and having carried us through a chain of synthesis, he presents his performance to the mind, but it receives nothing that has not already come in at the eye.

The Painter's aim is more striking. He conceives his object, and executes it according to his idea of fitness; every prominent feature is delineated; the eye beholds it and conveys the sensation to the mind. We forget that we are viewing a mere imitation, for it lives, and glows, and speaks to us.

Memory admires and cherishes its features, but the painter is lost in the reality, which surrounds his work. Not so in Poetry. Every passion which it stirs within us, is the movement of an art, which we perceive in all its workings. When compared, they are both the productions of artists: but in the one, the cause is hidden by the effect; in the other, the effect seems more fully to indicate the

\* Pleasures of the Imagination. No 411 of the Spectator.

cause. Our essayist is incorrect, therefore, when he says, that, 'painting, from being in the strictest sense of the word an *art*, necessarily adheres to rule; while Poetry, which may as strictly be said to be a feeling, yields to the guidance of natural impulses.'

That the intention of all arts is to 'strike the senses,' and improve the understanding, is a position, which few can deny. In viewing the most picturesque descriptions of the Poet, the mind derives pleasure and interest, from the recollection, that it has either seen it sketched with the pencil, or vivified in reality. Nor is it possible for the mental eye to conceive any image whatever, unless the corporeal eye can contrast it with some preconceived likeness. Who for instance, would pretend to criticise, the Jephthah of the Scriptures, or the Iphigenia of Euripides,\* without having seen the inimitable coloring of Apelles, or Raphael or some other similar genius. Mention such a thing as a battle to a child, who has never seen one, and he can form no conception of its nature. But present it to him in painting, and his mind is at once filled with every incident or feature peculiar to such an occasion. No Poet thereafter, could stamp it deeper upon his memory. Should he succeed in adding a small quantity of glittering tinsel, he has successfully consummated his most sanguine expectation. Poetry may succeed in giving a few bold colors to such objects, as the Painter has already familiarized, but it belongs to him alone to pencil the first and most striking draught. In the next place, 'Painting, Music, Statuary and Architecture' are by the special grace of our essayist, thought to be 'decided callings; departments, in which by unremitting assiduity, a man may excel, while not all the study in the world, of a whole life, can ever form a Poet.' This is, indeed, reasoning *a priori*. Can he pretend to deny, that some men have been born with a natural talent for Painting, as others have been discovered to possess an innate propensity for Poetry. What will he say of the eternal productions of Michael Angelo, who uninstructed propagated and established a style peculiar only to himself. Of Corregio who was so remarkable for having borrowed nothing from other men; and who, as Tac-

tus once said of Antonius, was '*multa claritudine generis, sed improspere*.' And of a host of others whose works have acquired them an inscription upon the same '*monumentum perennius ære*,' which Horace and Ovid, with such little complacency, built up for themselves.\* True it is, here and there, an isolated example might be pointed out, where artists by intense study and close imitation of others, have risen into notice. But on the other hand, are there none, who have become popular Poets by means of the same process? What epic or canticle since the days of Homer, or of Solomon that does not bear some affinity to those originals: but does this lead us to conclude, that since then no genius has flourished? Undoubtedly not! Petty rhymers and daubers might still exhibit themselves for the 'sport of the world,' and yet leave room for another Homer and Praxitiles.

The following extract, seems to form the leading argument in the essay under our review. Upon it, therefore, we will conclude this paper. 'He (quoting Drake) who can point out the beauties of Shakspeare, will seldom (he might have said never) be found wanting when called upon to ascertain the merits of Michael Angelo.' This is a most unfortunate assumption. Certain it is that the position will not admit of being reversed; that he who is capable of judging of the merits of Angelo, will be found qualified to pass sentence upon Shakspeare.† With due deference, we totally discard this position. And to prove its futility, is only to recur to the pages of Shakspeare himself. We shall instance but one example from this distinguished author, to show the uncertainty with which poetry makes its impression. Lear personated by Cooper and Kean, exhibits two entire different characters. In the former, we see the passionate old man occasionally rising to a state of dignity, and forgetting his own wrongs and the ingratitude of his daughters. In the latter, there is nothing of this nature. We find the man hurried along throughout, by an ungovernable madness and revenge. No one can ever forget the forcible exclamation, which Lear makes to the question of the fool: 'A King! a King!!'† These two celebrated actors, celebrated more than many, for their correct reading of Shakspeare,

\* We mention these in particular because they seem to come nearest in the ideas to what the Poet would perform in reality.

\* See Du Fresnoy's art of Painting.

† Lear—Act iii. Scene vi.

are directly opposite in their conceptions of this passage. In the one it is exclaimed with a burst of passion, as if the question had recalled to his mind all his wrongs. In the other, it is pronounced with the utmost dignity. One or the other, must evidently mistake the author's intention; but to say which has fallen into error, is considered a delicate task even with the most learned commentators. Now suppose the author, instead of expressing this in language, had painted his character in the exact attitude, which he intended his exclamation to elicit. No one could mistake his intention, not even a child. This shows then, with what certainty painting forms its impression; while it affords, at least, one instance, out of the many thousands, where poetry has fallen short of the original anticipation of its author.

For this reason, the christian decorates his temple with pictures and statuary, not because he worships them, but that they fill his mind with the sublime mysteries of his religion, and that the savage and civilized man might enter there, and read in the same language, the same universal rites.

To suppose too, that painting borrows its materials from poetry, is another of the false conjectures to be found in the essay. Possible enough, this assertion is founded on the idle story told of Phidias, who is said to have taken the model of his Olympian Jupiter, from the famous description of Mæonides.\* However argumentative this appears, to the blind enthusiasm of our poet, still we apprehend, that none will pretend to assert, that with the ideal alone, this great artist could have perfected what he did in reality; something more than mere word must have given its first impulse, or it should never have received the universal commendation of so acute a people as that of Greece.

What displeases us most in the whole course of the essay, is the patrician negligence with which its author seems to treat the judgment of the commonality as to matters of taste. He seems to smile indignant, (as Scaliger said of Horace,) when he reflects upon the circumstance, that there are ten men to one, who will relish the 'Shakspeare Gallery' in preference to the 'Shakspeare Library.' Now

however commendable this aristocracy in letters might appear in the sight of our author, we will venture to say, that Horace's rule *interdum vulgus rectum videt* is as infallible now as it was some eighteen hundred years ago. Why have the poems of Homer come down to us with the sanction and admiration of almost thirty centuries, unless it is, that their simplicity has measured and suited itself to the capacity of every man. In the fine arts as in politics it is, and ever shall be, our particular boast, that the 'majority must rule.' When we find, therefore, the art of painting admired, and fostered, by a succession of generation, since the days of Noah; we must irresistably come to the conclusion that it should yield to none of its sister arts; whether it be in the sublime or beautiful objects, which nature in her great diversity, has nurtured for our contemplation, or in the touching, yet silent eloquence, which is reflected from the 'inward grandeur of the soul,' or finally, in those bright scintillations of wit, which never failed to evince themselves, in the inimitable productions of Hogarth.

In conclusion—no stronger argument could be offered to support the precedence of painting over poetry, than the priority of its birth. Men in the earlier stages of society, unable to explain themselves in words, made use of certain symbolical objects, which conveyed their meaning directly to one another.\* Experience for instance, led them to note the wisdom and foresight of the ant; and when language was yet too young to designate one possessing these qualities, it was common to assimilate them to those of the animal named. Minerva among her other insignia, was always painted with the basilisk by her side. The poet viewed this, and at once interpreted its proper designation—Wisdom and Valor! Hence the splendid description of the Gorgon's head in Virgil. And for the same reason, that master piece of Homer; 'the shield of Achilles.' Thus the one art has been employed in the most prominent cases, to give force and dignity to the other.

But it is said, that the emotion produced by painting is only a 'momentary excitement, which soon dies away, and the heart which was held in transient bondage, upon regaining its freedom, forgets the memory of its chains.' This idea is

\* See Eustatius' Annotation upon this passage quoted in Pope's translation.

\* See Dr. Blair on the 'origin and progress of language' and Adam Smith on the 'theory of language.'



pretty enough; but did prettiness constitute solid argument the essay would be a perfect production. How is it that we feel such excessive pleasure in viewing the portrait of a mistress: that we weep, and joy, and feel the same love and anxiety excited over it, as if it were the original, while we read with coldness, even the warmest description, which the poet is capable of raising. It is because the one is an exact transcript of nature, or to speak plainly, because its appeals are made directly to our natural sensibilities. The other might indeed speak to us, but its language is cold, because we see no *living features*, no *radiance of countenance* to animate the soul. What poet in any age could find adequate words to describe, what David has done with his pencil in that sublime spectacle, the Coronation of the Emperor Napoleon? What language could depict the imperial pageantry, the magnitude, beauty and variety, and solemn interest of that one occasion? Aristotle whom none ever excelled in delicate taste, and discriminating understanding, exhorted Protogenes to commemorate the exploits of Alexander, with the imperishable touches of his pencil, as Pliny tell us '*propter eternitatem rerum.*' And this too, not that he loved poetry less, but that he loved painting more. To conclude, then, we shall rest our entire argument upon this one position.

Poetry, from being nothing more than an association of external ideas, cannot exist without the aid of natural or artificial images; while painting being an exact image in itself, conveys its impression directly to the mind, unaided by any of the other arts.

*The Shepherd's Calendar.* By James Hogg, Author of the *Queen's Wake*, &c. In two volumes. New York: 1829.

The Ettrick Shepherd is now well known to the reader of Blackwood. To him, are we indebted for many of those fine off-hand and graphic delineations of character; those phrenzies of wit and buffoonery which have made that Journal what it is, though occasionally low and immoral, a rich receptacle of humor, and a perfect ark of varieties.

The life of Hogg, has been one of considerable interest. He has, amidst the fame acquired for him by his efforts in literature, still maintained the life of the Shepherd; and it has been in this capa-

city, that he has been enabled to gather up many of those touching and simple incidents that are always to be found in the life of adventure, common to the Scottish peasantry. The thunder storm in the mountains; the water-spout that breaks in the valley above the linn and rushes down to the destruction of the humble stock of the farmer; the frolic and festivity of a sheep shearing, and in that country of romantic and superstitious adventure, the fairy and brownie, the wraith and the second sight, have all contributed to the materials for the Shepherd's Calendar. The Shepherd appears as the narrator of what he has heard; the stories are generally such as naturally arise from the incidents of domestic and rustic life, and may be considered as illustrative of the life of the Scottish peasantry in particular. They have, generally, their moral, and the inculcation of meekness, humility and virtue; reproof with punishment, of the vicious, the vice; and where other and higher means are wanting, for refining and polishing the rough and uncouth peasant, by disposing his mind to the reception of that arcadian purity which delights not 'to throw the shadow of the storm' on the dwelling of its neighbor. Love forms a principal ingredient in these stories, and is, in fact, a fine instrument in the hands of the great moralist, who thus prepares the vulgar for the reception of hospitality and good will to men. But the Shepherd is more at home in the 'Tales of Faerie.' There is a bewitching simplicity, a something of nature about all the fiction that is wonderfully touching; considered too as a matter of rigid belief among the Scottish peasantry, the existence of these wanton creatures, gives a coloring to the national character which, while we smile at what we consider an absurd fondness for the idleness of superstition, nevertheless, goes very far towards raising them in our esteem. For our own part, we feel a newer sensation of pleasure, at the recital of any of these tales of goblin. There is a freshness about them, a wildness, and occasionally, a deep and sweet pathos, that we feel to be irresistible. Besides this, we are disposed to believe, that however wanting in the sterner characters of intellect, the superstition of men will be found to be, that which is most characterized by tenderness, passion, and the sweetest and gentlest emotions. It is in fact a lofty aspiration, though commonly held a weak-



ness, which directs us to seek in our dull and 'bank note' world for higher associations than truth is disposed to give us.

The following character of the Sheep, we give, as it stands unconnected with any tale, which could not be given entirely and would be injured by dividing.

'The *Sheep* has scarcely any marked character, save that of natural affection, of which it possesses a very great share. It is otherwise, a stupid, indifferent animal, having few wants, and fewer expedients. The old black-faced, or Forest breed, have far more powerful capabilities than any of the finer breeds that have been introduced into Scotland; and therefore the few anecdotes that I have to relate, shall be confined to them.

So strong is the attachment of sheep to the place where they have been bred, that I have heard of their returning from Yorkshire to the Highlands. I was always somewhat inclined to suspect that they might have been lost by the way. But it is certain, however, that when once one, or a few sheep, get away from the rest of their acquaintances, they return homeward with great eagerness and perseverance. I have lived beside a drove-road the better part of my life, and many stragglers have I seen bending their steps northward in the spring of the year. A twice; if he sees them, and stops them shepherd rarely sees these journeyers in the morning, they are gone long before night; and if he sees them at night, they will be gone many miles before morning. This strong attachment to the place of their nativity, is much more predominant in our old aboriginal breed, than in any of the other kinds with which I am acquainted.

The most singular instance that I know of, to be quite well authenticated, is that of a black ewe, that returned with her lamb from a farm in the head of Glen-Lyon, to the farm of Harehope, in Tweeddale, and accomplished the journey in nine days. She was soon missed by her owner, and a shepherd was dispatched in pursuit of her, who followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned, and gave her up. He got intelligence of her all the way, and every one told him that she absolutely persisted in travelling on. She would not be turned, regarding neither sheep nor shepherd by the way. Her lamb was often far behind, and she had constantly to urge it on, by impatient blea-

ting. She unluckily came to Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, about the end of May, and judging it imprudent to venture through the crowd with her lamb, she halted on the north side of the town the whole day, where she was seen by hundreds, lying close by the road-side. But next morning, when all became quiet, a little after the break of day, she was observed stealing quietly through the town, in apparent terror of the dogs that were prowling about the street. The last time she was seen on the road, was at a toll-bar near St Ninian's; the man stopped her, thinking she was a strayed animal, and that some one would claim her. She tried several times to break through by force when he opened the gate, but he always prevented her, and at length she turned patiently back. She had found some means of eluding him, however, for home she came on a Sabbath morning, the 4th of June; and she left the farm of Lochs, in Glen-Lyon either on the Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning, a week and two days before. The farmer of Harehope paid the Highland farmer the price of her, and she remained on her native farm till she died of old age, in her seventeenth year.

There is another peculiarity in the nature of sheep, of which I have witnessed innumerable examples. But as they are all alike, and show how much the sheep is a creature of habit, I shall only relate one:

A shepherd in Blackhouse bought a few sheep from another in Cramnel, about ten miles distant. In the spring following, one of the ewes went back to her native place, and yeaned on a wild hill, called Crammel Craig. One day, about the beginning of July following, the shepherd went and brought home his ewe and lamb; took the fleece from the ewe, and kept the lamb for one of his stock. The lamb lived and thrived, became a hog and a gimmer, and never offered to leave home; but when three years of age, and about to have her first lamb, she vanished; and the morning after, the Crammel shepherd, in going his rounds, found her with a new-yeaned lamb on the very gair of the Crammel Craig, where she was lambing herself. She remained there till the first week of July, the time when she was brought a lamb herself, and then she came home with hers of her own accord; and this custom she continued annually with

the greatest punctuality as long as she lived. At length her lambs, when they came of age, began the same practice, and the shepherd was obliged to dispose of the whole breed.

With regard to the natural affection of this animal, stupid and actionless as it is, the instances that might be mentioned are without number. When one loses its sight in a flock of short sheep, it is rarely abandoned to itself in that hapless and helpless state. Some one always attaches itself to it, and by bleating, calls it back from the precipice, the lake, the pool, and all dangers whatever. There is a disease among sheep, called by shepherds the Breakshugh, a deadly sort of dysentery, which is as infectious as fire, in a flock. Whenever a sheep feels itself seized by this, it instantly withdraws from all the rest, shunning their society with the greatest care; it even hides itself, and is often very hard to be found. Though this propensity can hardly be attributed to natural instinct, it is, at all events, a provision of nature of the greatest kindness and beneficence.

Another manifest provision of nature with regard to these animals, is, that the more inhospitable the land is, on which they feed, the greater their kindness and attention to their young. I once herded two years on a wild and bare farm called Willenslee, on the border of Mid-Lothian, and of all the sheep I ever saw, these were the kindest and most affectionate to their young. I was often deeply affected at scenes which I witnessed. We had had one very hard winter, so that our sheep grew lean in the spring, and the thwarter-ill (a sort of paralytic affection) came among them, and carried off a number. Often have I seen these poor victims when fallen down to rise no more, even when unable to lift their heads from the ground, holding up the leg, to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance that the udder still could supply. I had never seen aught more painfully affecting.

It is well known that it is a custom with shepherds, when a lamb dies, if the mother have a sufficiency of milk, to bring her from the hill, and put another lamb to her. This is done by putting the skin of the dead lamb upon the living one; the ewe immediately acknowledges the relationship, and after the skin has warmed on it, so as to give it something

of the smell of her own progeny, and it has sucked her two or three times, she accepts and nourishes it as her own ever after. Whether it is from joy at this apparent reanimation of her young one, or because a little doubt remains on her mind which she would fain dispel, I cannot decide; but, for a number of days, she shows far more fondness, by bleating, and caressing, over this one, than she did formerly over the one that was really her own.

But this is not what I wanted to explain; it was, that such sheep as thus lose their lambs, must be driven to a house with dogs, so that the lamb may be put to them; for they will only take it in a dark confined place. But at Willenslee, I never needed to drive home a sheep by force, with dogs, or in any other way than the following: I found every ewe, of course, standing hanging her head over her dead lamb, and having a piece of twine with me for the purpose, I tied that to the lambs neck, or foot, and trailing it along, the ewe followed me into any house or fold that I chose to lead her. Any of them would have followed me in that way for miles, with her nose close on the lamb, which she never quitted for a moment, except to chase my dog, which she would not suffer to walk near me. I often, out of curiosity, led them in to the side of the kitchen fire by this means, into the midst of servants and dogs; but the more that dangers multiplied around the ewe, she clung the closer to her dead offspring, and thought of nothing whatever but protecting it.

We recommend these two volumes, with much earnestness to the reader. The simplicity of the title may deter many from a perusal, with whom a title is a matter of importance, and which they would otherwise enjoy with pleasure. The tales are short, natural and interesting, and all those who are familiar with his 'winter tales,' will do well to peruse the present interesting gleanings of the Ettrick Shepherd.

[A correspondent has furnished us with a long review of some six pages of 'Tales of Passion' which we have taken the liberty of abridging to our measure. We cannot think of making large extracts from, or giving much room to notices upon, such new and popular novels as are in the hands of every body; all such, at

least, as read our journal, and for which such readers would necessarily have to pay twice. A novel admits of but few extracts. A brief scene and compressed summary of the book will be quite sufficient to indicate the prevailing characteristics of the writer. This is all that is wanted.]

*Tales of Passion.* By the author of *Gilbert Earle*. In two volumes. New York: 1829.

The Bohemian, the second Tale in the collection before us, exhibits a very high evidence of the power of sketching in the author. Throughout, the interest is well sustained, and the characters maintain, from beginning to end, the peculiar feature which distinguish them in the introduction. There is no falling off either in the manner or nature of the author.

There is much truth in the following description of the voluptuous license of the court of the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos; the hollow heartlessness of its pleasures and enjoyments, the vicious indulgencies that, however rich and tempting at first, are always sure to pall upon the appetite, and more than ever teach us the high value of those pure fountains of truth and virtue, from which we have been led to wander. How sweetly do the recollections of the pure delights of childhood and simplicity come over the heart after the enjoyment of a scene like this. Minor and more humble and unpretending *fetes*, even in our rugged land of republicanism, have frequently the effect of driving us, by their overwarmth and brightness into the enjoyment of rusticity and happiness in simple scenes, but such as these bring home to the heart, not utterly ruined by excess, a high and grateful moral.

'One night, she was at Ninon's—and Clara had accompanied her thither. The rooms were crowded. The gay, the witty, the wise, the profligate, the frivolous, the silly, the young, the old—all were gathered there. Mabel, as usual, was accosted by many; the bright glance flashed from her eye—the brilliant smile glittered upon her lip—the keen repartee, the animated narration, the terse and epigrammatic *mot*, gave variety and splendour to her conversation—but there was still

The fire in her heart, and the fire in her brain; the one sleepless thought, the worm that never died, was still preying upon her breast—her very soul ached as she turned

in disgust from the paltry emptiness of one class, the heartless selfishness of another, and the showy profligacy of a third. 'And it is to such as these,' she mentally ejaculated, 'that we yield up our affections, our destinies, ourselves! It is for such paltry counters that we exchange the priceless gold of real and undivided love. There,' she added, looking at a man of noble aspect, and of much personal beauty, though faded, more as it seemed from dissipation than from time, who passed near her at this moment—'there is one to whom nature has given beauty, and talents, and a kindly disposition—but the corruptions of the world have substituted for them a decaying frame, perverted powers, and the selfishness of gross indulgence. Nay, he glories in that which is evil in him—he is ashamed of and conceals that which is good—he affects the wickedness he does not possess—Truly has he been termed a *fanfaron des crimes*. And there, close at his heels, is the spaniel who fawns upon him, who fetches and carries at his bidding—the base sycophant who checks in him every nobler aspiration—who fosters every evil impulse—the minister of the church, beneath whose cassock one would almost look for the cloven foot to appear—the crafty, the false, the depraved, the depraving,—well may he head that band whom their master has named his *roues*. And yet he is a most favored votary of the goddess of this dainty temple—these are the persons whom she honors with her patronage and approbation! And see, the goddess herself!—Faugh!—And yet, this is her to whose nostrils incense rises from every side:—profligate youth, irreverent old age, weigh as nothing in the scale—she had beauty, she still has talents, acquirements, fascination, brilliancy, riches—these cloak all her innumerable sins, or rather they bedeck them, as with glittering gems, and display them to the admiring gaze of all mankind! I have heard him speak of her, as she was; but she is still more wonderful now! for even the great conqueror, Time, is innocuous against her. See! she smiles—it is the harlot's leer;—hark, she speaks—the cloak of wit cannot hide the licentious thought: and yet they all crowd round her!—they all gaze on her with admiration! they all listen to her with applause! Truly this is a sweet school for my pupil.'

The story is briefly this: a rich and



indolent nobleman, to get rid of his own company, attends a fair and becomes enamored of a singing and dancing girl, belonging to a band of gypsies. His pride will not admit of marrying and he cannot lose her of course. She becomes his companion, in what manner and capacity the reader will easily divine. Instructs her, fits her for the enjoyment of that society, into which, however her situation precluded her admission. Here lay the grand error. This was not all. He loves her, and teaches her to love him, and when he has been guilty of this folly, discovers, for the first time the necessity of supporting his family dignity and name. With this view he marries, his mistress is discarded, and swears revenge. The sweet waters of affection have, by a transmutation, not uncommon in such cases, been turned into gall and bitterness. He has given her as the reason for his marriage, the desire to perpetuate his name. She determines upon thwarting him in this important particular and by the aid of a gypsy girl, whom she has instructed to that effect, the only daughter of the Count, her late lover, is stolen and conveyed away. So well had this plot been arranged that no traces of the fugitives could be discovered. Years passed over and the Count had no other child. In the meantime the discarded mistress had taken the girl to Paris. In that theatre of vice and profligacy, studiously taught her its mysteries; and with the one object of revenge in view, we cannot wonder that the child shamed not her teachers. She was abandoned in spirit ere she became so in form, and thus prepared, she is returned to the dominions of Augustus at that time the profligate monarch of Poland, in whose court, her father is a favorite courtier. Let the author speak his motive himself.

‘Mabel had, among the reasons I have already mentioned, been influenced in singling out the Duc de Fronsac as her instrument in the completion of Clara’s dishonor, by the notoriety which she knew would attend the connexion. Still that notoriety was far distant from the sphere in which Oberfeldt moved. She wished to bring his shame home to his own door—and the recollection of a passage of her youth suggested to her the means of accomplishing it. Oberfeldt was, at this time, at Vienna, whither his military duties called him. Of this Ma-

bel was aware, and she determined to go with Clara to Dresden.’

Here every thing succeeds as well as the devotee for revenge could desire. The king becomes enamored of the stranger and her own father is employed to compass the designs of the monarch. How dreadful is such a revenge. This is done, and the cast off mistress opens the eyes of the unfortunate father to his own and child’s dishonor.

‘Torture me no more!’ interrupted Adrian, driven almost to madness by suspense—‘tell me my fate at once—tell me where is my dear child—tell me’—

‘Count Oberfeldt, you will gain nothing by this intemperate. I will tell you anon.’ Her eyes glared upon him with the expression of a fiend—the veins of her brow and throat were swelled almost to bursting—the muscles of her lips quivered with a convulsive spasm, which gave a slight distortion to a countenance already approaching to the expression of one of the Furies of Mythology—yet was her voice strong, firm and clear, as she said, ‘You will remember, Sir, that I was discarded and trampled under foot for the sake of your *family pride*. You thought it right and necessary that you should marry in your own class of life, in order to continue your noble house. For this consideration, you forfeited your pledged word of honor—you betrayed that trust to which, if you proved unfaithful, you invoked the malediction of heaven upon your head;—‘Evil be my lot,’ you said, ‘if I prove an unfaithful steward;’—you have so proved—what your lot will be you shall now judge. Count Oberfeldt, your race has been continued in the person of a daughter—that daughter you have seen—that daughter is Made-moiselle Rovelli, the king’s concubine!’

‘If the painter of old threw a veil over the father’s face, in despair of representing the expression of parental agony, assuredly I, whose powers of representation are so infinitely more feeble, from the difference both of the arts and of the artists, —may be permitted the same privilege now. In that case, the sacrifice was only of the daughter’s life,—*here*, it was of her honor—and in this, as in the ancient tale, the father had delivered up the victim himself!’

‘Ay!’ exclaimed Mabel, springing up, and speaking now with unrestrained fury!—‘She is your child!—Clara de Ro-

villi, Clara Zerlini, Clara von Oberfeldt are one!—Your race is continued! and nobody!—Seek out your tribe of profligates in Paris—your friends and their successors!—ask them of Clara Zerlini—they will tell you *what* she was—you can tell them *who* she is. The off-scouring of Parisian corruption—the discarded mistress of its minions of debauchery—such is the heiress to the name of Oberfeldt! You spurned *me* because I was of lowly birth, and had trusted to your truth and honor. Your pride, forsooth, must cause you to marry a noble lady, and to continue your noble line! Ha! ha! ha!—and her convulsive laugh of horrible triumph caused her wretched victim to writhe with agony. ‘And now’—she continued—‘and now the noble, the proud, the haughty Lord of Oberfeldt, cringing in his character of courtier, panders to the King’s lust, and procures for him his own daughter!’

This is well told. The first and last of the tales, ‘Lord Lovel’s Daughter’ and ‘Second Love,’ though without the strong and peculiar interest which attaches to ‘The Bohemian’ are all full of interest. They will fully repay the most indifferent for the trouble of perusal.

*Life in India; or the English in Calcutta.*

*In two volumes. New York: Printed by J & J Harper, 1829.*

This is a very dull and heavy production; distinguished, neither by novelty of design nor vigor or elegance of execution. It is tame and prosing, written, we should say, by a very inexperienced and feeble hand. We would not be understood to mean that the work before us resembles many of those incongruities that we may venture to denominate philosophizing romances, filled up with mere sermons, or fanciful speculations on subjects very little understood by the majority of modern novel writers, viz: the hearts of men and women; on the contrary, where the author does venture to prose and speculate, he does it so clumsily that we are very often disposed to laugh at the unavailing labor, or skim him over, and take for granted all his theories. There is a good deal of hair-breadth ‘adventure by field and flood,’ but the parts are not made to fit nicely, and we feel ourselves ‘not at home,’ and can seldom be persuaded, as the author, no doubt, would have us, that there is either *verisimilitude* or *keeping* in the extravagance. Much of it,

however, may be gospel; we know nothing ourselves, positively, of ‘Life in India;’ and, however we may suspect men and women to be the same where the affections are concerned, all over the world, we may yet be doing great injustice to the maker of this book, when we venture to say with the Irishman in the play—‘Here has been done foul and *bastely* manslaughter, my master, to men, women and children.’

We give an extract, which the author in a note at the bottom of the page affirms really to have taken place, and which, with singular gravity and complacency, he denominates an ‘accident.’

‘Those only accustomed to witness the efforts of Hindoo zeal, and who know what population it can call to view, can imagine the concourse of that morning. Thousands, and tens of thousands crowded the ghauts, waiting for the troubling of the waters. The hum of the assembled multitude rose through the calm air; too anxious to speak, and too impatient to be still. Day dawned. The Brahmins gave the signal; the barriers were withdrawn, and the blind multitude rushed forward by a sudden and irresistible impulse, which gained strength as it extended from those nearest to the water, to those the most distant. What was to be expected happened. The foremost ranks were thrown down. Those behind pressed forward, and trampled under foot the miserable sufferers. Every moment augmented their number by the increasing violence of the obstructed multitude, until the ghauts were completely choked with a living mass of human bodies, writhing in agony, and rending the air with shrieks for help, which were utterly unheeded by the blind devotees, who still poured over them. The efforts of the guards were useless; nothing but a general fire from their muskets could have staid the mad zeal which spread through the mob.’

How the English nation can stomach stuff of this kind is a matter of wonder to us; that it should be tolerated in America is no way surprising, when we reflect that the book is English and praised by English Journals. But our readers must sometimes ask themselves, whether they ought to be satisfied because the London Literary Gazette, or London Weekly Review, tell them they should be so; and the Jackal troop of American Journalists join in the echo. Teaching them when to weep and when to smile, and in the words of the play, when they come to passages intended to be highly pathetic, exclaiming—

‘If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.’

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*The Grave in the Forest.*

The dead in the close sepulchre, still share  
Companionship, and sleep in kindred cells,  
Familiar, still in apathy, and blest,  
If thought and sense were not denied, to know  
The form it loved, and cherish'd most in life,  
Comes near and lies beside it, with a love  
That lives in spite of death, and brings at last,  
Where all association dies, a new,  
Fresh sympathy—yet sleeper, thou hast none—  
And he, who meets thee in the wilderness,  
May know thy fortunes by thy burial place!  
No idle tramp of men, has follow'd thee—  
Silent has been the homage of all life  
To him, the strong that overthrows all life!

What hand has smooth'd thy pillow, when disease  
Kept thee awake, thro' the long weary night?  
Thy birth had friends and parents; childhood came  
And brought with it a livelier fellowship,  
And boyhood gave thee sympathy and sport:—  
And were there none of all thy fellowships,—  
Was there no parent in thy last sad hour,  
Nor him thou lov'd'st in childhood, nor the boy  
Who mated out with thee in roguish play,  
The measure of thy laughing pranks erewhile,  
Beside thee, when thou groan'd'st in agony?  
And in the trying moment, when earth reel'd  
Around thee, and the skies began to fade,  
And darkness fill'd thy chamber, and gaunt Death  
Dragg'd thee about and wrestled with thy frame  
Already overborne, and hurl'd thee down  
To rise no more—was it a friend long tried,  
Who decently composed thy stiffen'd limbs  
And spread thy pall above thee, or strange men  
Whom thou had'st never seen and could not see,  
To whom thy fortune, most unnatural,  
Gave up this mournful office—did they take  
Thy frame, and scooping out a scanty bed,  
That gave thee scarce a shelter from the rain,  
Consign thee, with a word into thy tomb,  
With vague conjecture scanning all the while  
Thy hopes, thy fortune, and thy loneliness!  
Had all deserted thee, that loved before,  
That none came near to give thee medicine,  
Or smooth thy pillow down, or bathe thy head  
With an officious tenderness and zeal,  
Which made thee smile thro' each succeeding pang.  
And all that infancy and boyhood gave  
Thy manhood took away from thee, when most  
Thou had'st required them. Had'st thou no love,  
No gentle heart that look'd its sadness out  
From a dim eye and tear-enamell'd cheek?  
Perchance with her alone, thou fled'st from all  
Parents and friends, and took thy lone abode  
Far in the forest, happy in the all,  
Rich in the little spoil, thou robb'd'st from man!  
And where is she? Thy dwelling place is lone—  
Could she have left thee?—not a flower is there  
Which she has planted, and the weeds have grown  
Luxuriant up, to mark perchance thy fate,  
Thorny and wild, and desolate! Methinks,  
If there was nothing sweet to bless thy years,  
If youth had no enjoyment—childhood no friend  
And but affliction clung to thee, thro' all,  
It had not been too kind to let one flower  
Grow up upon thy grave, poor desolate!

*Dirge of the Leaves.*

The Leaves—  
The pleasant and green leaves, that hung  
Abroad, in the gay summer winds, are dead;

And earth receives

The last of their brown honors, idly strung,  
On the old stems to which they fondly clung,  
Within her bed—  
I marvel, that their last dirge be not said.

The breeze

Shall sing it, as he leaves the main  
To scour the plain;  
And goes to rest among the tall old trees—  
How will he sigh with pain,  
To find his evening couch of luxuries  
Shrunk up, upon the ground, where he hath lain.

Oh, then,

With a deep mournfulness and plaintive fall,  
Shall he lament  
That they are cast away beyond his call,  
And he not present at their burial,  
Nor to prevent  
The eager frost from coming down that glen.

Thus sings he in his grief,

The last lament above the wither'd Leaf:—  
'O! never more,  
Unburied honors of the pilgrim year,  
Shall ye, in all your morning dress of green,  
Appear.  
The time that ye have seen—  
That time is o'er,  
And all your early loveliness, how brief!  
I shall forget ye on some other shore,  
But on your fruitless, melancholy bier,  
I leave my tear!

Away!

After that brief lament, he spreads his wings—  
Now that the summer charm that led astray  
The licensed rover of far Indian seas,  
No longer clings,  
With blossoming odor tempting his wild flight;  
And in the blaze of the descending day  
That desolate breeze,  
Dark in itself is swallowed up in light.

*The Blasted Tree.*

And thou art also changed, my ancient tree?  
And at the laughing spring time thy young leaves,  
No more peep forth, with silken shade to woo,  
The revelry of the newly mated birds—  
And thy bare limbs are sapless—and each breath  
Of Zephyr, that once made sweet melody,  
Through thy full branches, now but whistles on,  
Or wrests some member from thee—yet 'tis better  
With thee, old tree, than him who planted thee!  
Time had not smote thee with his leaden hand,  
But at the noon of thy umbrageous pride,  
Scathed by the flash of Heaven, swift as that  
flash,  
Thou past from life to death!—and if thy trunk,  
As poets sung of yore, contained a being  
Intelligent, it recked not of the change,  
That shook thy branches from thee, strewed thy  
leaves,  
In ruin o'er the spot they once had sheltered,  
And left thee bare and broken as thou art.—

Would I had slept beneath thee, my old tree,  
The last and dreamless sleep, nor lived to view  
All that the spring and summer of my days,  
Delighted in, made sere and cast to earth  
Like thine autumnal foliage—the soft eyes  
Of my two loved ones, which beneath thy shade,  
Oft beamed with ecstasy, in death I saw



Sealed up forever—yet in youth they died not,  
 For time had led them gently to the grave,  
 And changed the sunny ringlets of their prime,  
 To whiteness, and around their dying bed,  
 Hung beings like to what themselves had been,  
 They had given life to, but in these my blood,  
 Scarce owned its origin, as streams that flow  
 Far from their source, when mixed with other  
 streams,  
 Feel not the impulse of the parent fount.

Why clings my soul to this decrepid frame?  
 I would be free;—it feels no answering age;  
 But fiery as in youth, disclaims the thralldom,  
 Which sluggish veins, and joints to marble chang'd  
 Impose upon it.—Here I'll cast me down  
 Amidst the dead limbs of my blasted tree  
 And pray that never more my form shall rise,  
 Till it be roused to endless life and joy. T.

#### *Imitation of a Sonnet of Minzoni's.*

Ere on the cross the bleeding Saviour died,  
 He for the sins of man in anguish sigh'd—  
 At that sad sigh, the grave gave up its prey,  
 And dark'n'd was the glowing orb of day—  
 In depths profound that sigh was heard by one,  
 Who first had seen the glories of the Sun—  
 Adam received the sigh that nature shook,  
 And on the scene of wo was forc'd to look—  
 Returned to see once more the world he lost,  
 And which to save, such precious blood drops  
 cost,—

'Who' then he trembling asked, 'thus tortur'd dies,  
 And why are veil'd in gloom, and wo, the skies?—  
 'The Son of God,' a solemn voice replied,  
 'Who for thy sins, sad mortal, thus hath died,  
 'This is the fruit of that accursed tree,  
 'But by his death you will from sin be free,'  
 With horror struck, his face then Adam veil'd,  
 Yet not before as 'God' he Christ had hail'd—  
 'See then' he said, as turn'd on Eve his eyes,  
 'See for thy crime, e'en God himself now dies'—  
 The abyss profound re-echo'd with the word,  
 And still in storms the accusation's heard. P.

#### *A Fact.*

It was a cry of pleasure burst,  
 From that late silent room;  
 And she, the mother of the first  
 Dear pledge, of joy and gloom,  
 Now in her latticed chamber sits,  
 And smiles upon her boy;  
 While near her, many a shadow flits,  
 Of richly promised joy!  
 Why weeps she alone,  
 In her chamber by night;  
 And where is he gone—  
 Once so dear to her sight;—  
 Why wrings she her hands  
 In such silent despair—  
 Why loosen the bands  
 Of her gossamer hair;  
 And fling it back sadly  
 Unconscious of aught,  
 Her brain weaving madly  
 Distempering thought?—  
 It is, that he, the little brat,  
 Now grown quite strong and chubby,  
 Has choked to death her favorite cat,  
 A genuine leopard-tabby!  
 Thus fortune gives, and fortune takes,  
 The boy, and then the dumb cat;  
 And TOMMY's mother weeps and wakes  
 'Cause TOMMY kill'd the Tom Cat. Q.

#### *Song.*

Oh! linger yet awhile—  
 Too sweet's the hour to part,  
 While raptures, like to these, beguile  
 Each closely-linked heart:—  
 Let thy sweet lip still rest  
 Warm, throbbingly on mine,  
 And bid thy quickly beating breast  
 Still on my own recline.

Bear with me, love, and hush  
 The tremors of thy soul,  
 Be calm—I almost feel thy blush  
 And mantling life-blood roll.  
 One moment—sadly sweet  
 Since parting, mingles there,  
 Alas! the smile is ne'er complete,  
 'Till follow'd by the tear. G.

#### *Epigram, freely taken from the German.*

Two elements direct my soul,  
 As opposite, as either pole,  
 And yet as positive.  
 My heart in glowing flame appears,  
 While just above my eyes are tears  
 How can they both survive?  
 How cruel thus my fate, if I,  
 Can purchase not from destiny  
 Some changes in its rule;  
 Let but the fire that burns my heart  
 Dry up the tears that from me start,  
 Or bid the tears with abler part  
 The fire put out, and cool. Q.

#### *Love and Prudence.*

Young Cupid in frolicsome humor one night,  
 Stole out to the cot where dame Prudence resi-  
 ded,  
 And feigning himself in a terrible plight,  
 In these accents bewailed he: 'The storm has  
 subsided,

'But cold are my feet and my hands and my heart,  
 'Oh Prudence! take pity, take pity on me,  
 'Bid not a poor lone little wand'rer depart,  
 'Give an innocent baby a refuge with thee.

'My locks are besprinkl'd with dim dews of sorrow,  
 'Old care has been chasing my roses away;  
 Oh! shelter me Prudence till dawn of the morrow  
 'And cheer me with Charity's kind beaming ray.'

But Prudence looked out saw his gold ringlets  
 shining,  
 And a sweet brilliant smile dimpling round his  
 red lip,  
 While his soft little fingers, on his bent bow re-  
 clining,  
 Breathed of fragrance which Prudence herself  
 long'd to sip.—

Said Prudence: 'Get hence you mischievous young  
 minion,  
 'No shelter I'll give, nor shall Cupid here rest.'  
 But swift as the turtle's own beautiful pinion,  
 Love's arrow had lodged in her cold cautious  
 breast.—

And the rogue laughing gaily then hasted away,  
 Leaving Prudence to weep over her heart-  
 ed folly,  
 Hope clung to the babe with her soul soothing ray:  
 But with Prudence they left, weeping, sad Mel-  
 ancholy. E.

## GENERAL MISCELLANY.\*

*Association—Poetry and Music.*

'This very vagueness and uncertainty,' says Mr Jeffrey, (see his review of Alison's work on Taste) 'gives to music a compass and extent in its power of expression, which distinguish it from poetry, though both be founded on the same feeling, poetry being more fixed, limited, and precise.' Mr Jeffrey speaks, here, of instrumental music, or, we should say, music without the accompaniment of words; and we have no objection to admit that the momentary impression created by a beautiful air without words, is perhaps more powerful than that produced by the finest poetry, but it is only a momentary impression, which ceases to act upon the mind when the sound that created it has passed away. But the power of fine poetry is not, like that of music, limited to the moment; the mind retains, and delights to retain the eloquent and glowing language, the 'winged words' in which it embodies, as it were, its divine inspiration, and is thus furnished with a perpetual source of enjoyment. Music is undoubtedly possessed of a peculiar magic of its own; an overpowering charm that seems to fascinate all living nature, by an inexplicable adaptation of the soul for receiving pleasure from a 'concord of sweet sounds.' Unlike poetry, music ceases to exercise this power over the feelings, the moment that it becomes *labored*, or departs from that simplicity which originally belonged to it, and which must have characterised its earliest efforts as a *gift*, and not a *science*. In the theory of music, as well as in fact, harmony is destructive of melody. Harmony requires a cultivated ear; melody, a strong susceptibility of feeling; and it is for this reason that the music which charms most, is always that which is the most simple. Poetry is necessarily more fixed and limited than music, from the circumstance of its being obliged to embody itself in words; a species of sensible characters, however, which, like those of visible beauty, are possessed of their own peculiar and powerful associations. These associations, from their immediate and almost palpable connexion with human feeling, exercise a degree of influence over us superior, in the main, or, at least, quite equal to that produced by music. We speak, of course, of the higher order of poetry, and this is at once a compliment to

music, which neither of its sister arts can claim; that its simplest efforts are equal, as to the effect produced, to the loftiest achievements of the pen or pencil. But poetry, it has been asserted, is after all, indebted to music for one of its chief merits, Ver-sification—which seems to be regarded as a species of vocal music. Pretenders in verse, influenced by this opinion, have deluged the world with the out-pourings of a fancy that seems to have been capable of nothing beyond an exact measurement of feet, and a mechanical modulation of cadences. The failure of these musical efforts in producing any strong or lasting impression, only affords a proof that a strict observance of the rules of the poetical grammar, is not sufficient to constitute poetry, that is, its *soul*; its form is very easily modelled, as we know to our cost. This form has been assigned to poetry, and must always belong to it; the error of the writers we speak of, consists in their supposing the merit of all poetry to lie in the absolute perfection of this artificial form, in which its loftier conceptions are bodied forth. The *Illiad* was written long before the 'Poetics' of Aristotle; and there is certainly very little reverence shown for the learned injunctions of the grammarian throughout the '*Paradise Lost*.' It is unquestionable, that had that wonderful and divine work been written with the same attention to what are called the 'graces of style,' which you may detect in every page, nay, every line of the '*Pleasures of Memory*,' and the '*Art of Preserving Health*,' it had lost one half the power it now exercises over the mind. This may look like insinuating a charge against Milton, which he does not deserve: his style is correct, without being polished; it has a degree of ruggedness, or rather, of austerity, which, while it belongs to the very nature of his subject, was inseparable, at the same time, from the force and grandeur of the poet's conceptions. The language is suited to the thoughts, which disdained the smooth and polished diction of a fancy that with a 'middle flight soars' never '*above the Aonian mount*.' The ensuing nine lines are, in our opinion, worth all the elegant effusions of Pope, Akenside, and Armstrong, taken collectively.

But see, the angry victor hath recalled  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit,  
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid

The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heav'n received us falling : and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

It is in blank verse alone, that poetry is capable of vindicating its pretensions to something higher than a mere metrical adjustment of feet. In the rhyming couplet, harmony is indispensable from the very structure of the verse; the ear is so unavoidably led to anticipate the rhyme, that the slightest impediment in the descent will break the fall so harshly as to occasion a sort of recoil, which is any thing but agreeable; the voice is thrown back, as it were, and is obliged to pause in order to recover itself. It is for this reason that the heroic couplet is so seldom adopted in poems of any length, and of a certain character. There is infinite constraint in the measure itself; and it is mere cant to talk about triumphing over the difficulty, when the triumph is altogether limited to the structure of the verse; leaving the inadequacy of the verse itself, still the same. The 'breaking' of the lines, which has latterly been adopted in the octosyllabic verse, affords a little relief to the ear, but it is, after all, at the expense of that continuous flow of the verse, which properly characterizes the rhyming couplet. We do believe that Pope is the only poet of any age, who would have ventured to translate the *Iliad* in rhyme; and certainly no one else would have succeeded so well. Had he attempted blank verse, which would have been a far more appropriate vehicle for conveying the breathing thoughts and burning words of his author, his failure would not have been so signal, perhaps, as was that of Dr Geddes; to say nothing of Cowper; while his success would undoubtedly have been at least equal to that of Hobbes. Pope, as well from long practice, as from what we think must have been a sort of craniological adaptation for rhyme, had acquired a facility in managing the couplet, that seems to have left him literally without a choice in the mechanical structure of his poems; and which resulted in that 'faultlessness,' which, if it be not in itself a fault, is far from constituting the degree of merit which has been assigned him by his admirers; the opinion of Lord Byron, to the contrary, notwithstanding. The superiority which Mr Jeffrey claims for music over poetry, resolves itself into certain

vague and indescribable emotions 'which have the same analogy,' says Mr Jeffrey, 'to the direct impressions made upon the mind, that instrumental music bears to poetry, or language in general.' These emotions, Mr Jeffrey thinks, the mind may expand at pleasure; thus, as we have just remarked, resolving the superiority of music over poetry, into this power, which the former possesses, of stimulating the fancy to a thousand vague yet delightful associations, which poetry cannot create, from the circumstance of its being more 'fixed, limited, and precise.' This superiority, if it be not questionable as to fact, is certainly so as to degree; and here it was, we think, that Mr Jeffrey mistook the truth, in supposing, as he does, that the emotions excited by instrumental music, as well as those created by the appearance of visible beauty, have no determinate objects. They may not possess the same degree of precision which belongs to impressions made directly upon the mind, but still they have an immediate tendency to associate themselves with objects sufficiently familiar to the fancy, to create a high degree of interest. The mind may not be conscious of the fact at the moment of being under the immediate influence of the emotions here spoken of; but when the first strong excitement has in some degree subsided, it then at once becomes sensible of the connexion that existed between the impressions produced, whether by music or visible beauty, and those objects with which the affections are conversant, and with which they are eternally associated; for, even when not immediately appealed to, the mind is still conscious of the presence of these objects, enwoven, as it were, with its first, its best, and latest feelings.

It may be a sound,  
A flower, the breeze, the ocean, what shall wound,  
Striking th' electric chain where with we're dark-  
ly bound

But there are certain 'simple and original emotions,' we are told by Mr Jeffrey, into which the emotions suggested by 'beauty, may be resolved.' This is to suppose a distinction where in truth none exists. It appears to us to be the merest refinement upon a theory, to speak of *suggested* and *immediate* emotion as having less determinate objects; unless by immediate emotion, Mr Jeffrey would have us understand those impressions that are created by objects and circum-



stances directly appealing to the feelings. If this be not Mr Jeffrey's meaning, we do not profess to know what meaning he can have; and if it be, then he stands clearly convicted of arguing against himself; for it will be observed, that he denies to poetry the power of suggesting these emotions, while, at the same time, it is impossible to ascribe to it the immediate emotions which Mr Jeffery distinguishes from those which he says are suggested; and if poetry be capable of neither, as is fairly made out by implication, it is capable of nothing at all. Thus, then, it appears to us, as far as we can determine, that poetry, music, and the beautiful in objects, participate alike in this power of suggesting agreeable associations; differing, as we have said, only in the degree in which they effect this; leaving out of the question those more simple and original emotions, of which Mr Jeffrey speaks, and which are, in fact, no other than the emotions inseparably connected either with the perusal of a fine poem, the view of a fine painting, or the sound of a fine voice, or a fine instrument, while we must deny that music effects this in the degree contended for by Mr Jeffrey; and we cannot help thinking that the emotions it produces, are connected with objects nearly, though not quite so determinate as those associated with the impressions created by poetry and painting. Mr Jeffrey says, that the qualities of visible beauty are but 'a sort of characters for communicating those emotions that are more clearly, but not always so forcibly expressed by the pen of the poet.' 'These characters,' proceeds Mr Jeffrey, 'are no more the ultimate objects of emotion, than are the letters and syllables of the poet.' In other words, the signs, and the things signified, Mr Jeffrey would have said, are not the same. Now, while this appears so simple as scarcely to merit comment, Mr Jeffrey's meaning goes further than the plausible language he adopts would lead you to suppose; it tends, in fact, like all that he has said upon the subject, to disconnect the beauty of objects from the qualities themselves appertaining to such objects; for these qualities, according to Mr Jeffery, have no existence but in the mind, or as they tend to suggest certain emotions of which 'they are no more the ultimate objects, than are the words of the poet.' By the terms, 'ultimate objects

of emotion,' Mr Jeffrey must, we should suppose, mean those 'simple and original emotions,' of which he has elsewhere spoken; and into which, he says, the suggested emotions of beauty resolve themselves; but to tell us that the qualities of visible beauty, the words of the poet, &c, are not the ultimate objects of these emotions, was really to pay a very poor compliment to the common understanding of the reader. These qualities and quantities are no more the objects of emotion, than the signs can be supposed to be the ultimate objects of the mind's attention, instead of the things signified; or than the copy can be imagined to convert itself into the thing copied. But we have said that Mr Jeffrey's meaning goes further than this; he means that the appearances of beauty, the words of the poet, &c, are to go for nothing in the end, because they are ultimately lost and overlooked in those emotions which they are instrumental in creating. This is to tell us, in other words, that the brain has no existence beyond the conceptions it bodies forth; and that the appearances of beauty, both in its animate and inanimate forms, are in reality nothing more than a sort of artificial characters for suggesting certain emotions, apart from which they have no positive existence. We cannot call this an ingenious sophistry; it is too palpable to have the merit of ingenuity. It seems to be true, *a priori*, that association cannot create beauty; for we not unfrequently find the noblest qualities connected with the humblest and most unattractive forms, which no association with these qualities can render beautiful. The common domestic dog, for instance, is possessed of a degree of generosity and fidelity, rarely met with among men; but these qualities, however we must admire them in themselves, are incapable of imparting any beauty to his form. But noble qualities are likewise connected with fine forms; and this circumstance we are inclined to think it was, that led Mr Alison astray. In the Newfoundland dog, we find some of the noblest qualities united to a fine form; and we are disposed unconsciously to attribute the beauty of the form to an association with the qualities that characterise the animal; but, there is in nature no more relation between the physical and moral qualities of animals, than there is between any two things that are *sui generis*. Surely, then,

the argument to prove that beauty either is, or is not dependent upon association, is wholly gratuitous. If we could succeed in tracing a uniform resemblance between the physical and moral qualities of animals, which is very far from being the case, we should still be in error did we assume the associating principle as the foundation of beauty. But if we do not associate forms with the moral qualities with which they may be combined, we involuntarily connect them, in many instances, with the particular purpose they seem intended to answer; and in their admirable adaptation to which, results a degree of associating *interest*, which will not unfrequently atone for the absence of positive beauty; and is, indeed, in itself a species of relative beauty. We have here made use of the term *interest*, which, had it been originally substituted for that of beauty (a word in itself sufficiently vague) would, we cannot but think, have had the effect of determining the question as well as to the *extent*, as the *nature* of the associating principle. We know that the doctrine of final causes has been greatly abused;\* but the doctrine is not to be hastily impugned on that account; while, at the same time, we disclaim all pretensions to that pious frame of mind which so complacently undertakes to justify the ways of God to man:

From seeming evil still educing good:

And which, in the end generally leads its possessors to the consoling belief that

——— 'The least flower that pranks  
Our garden borders, or our common banks,  
Hath some peculiar virtue of its own.'

After all, we are still forced to admit, that there must be a degree of physical beauty in forms in order to please; even where we detect the nicest adaptation of the means to the end. In proof of this, let any one who may have examined the anatomy of the 'Medicean Ve-

\* Of this, Mr Lawrence, in his admirable work on Zoology, gives us the following amusing instance. 'The foot of an hymenopterous insect was described as being perforated in a certain part by minute holes; immediately a sufficient use was discovered for this structure; it was described as a no less wise than elegant provision for sifting the pollen of plants, and thus applying the fecundating powder to the female organs; and from this supposed structure and use, the creature received the name of *Sphex cribraria*. Unluckily for the compliment thus designed to nature, the part was afterwards discovered not to be perforated.—*Lectures on Zoology*—p. 58.

nus,' some time since exhibited in London, recal his recollections of that object, and he will tell you that notwithstanding the forcible exposition which it afforded of the wonders of the human anatomy, to say nothing of his classical and poetical associations, he yet turned with loathing from the spectacle; nor can it be urged, that this was perhaps the consequence of its *grossness*, for the same feelings are excited upon viewing the *plates* commonly connected with anatomical works. And here we are led to recur to the argument of Adam Smith, who contends that it is the exquisite adjustment of the means in the attainment of the end, that we admire, rather than the end itself; and in proof of this, he mentions the well known instance of the watch and its wearer, who, although his new Time Piece loses but a second in the twenty-four hours, is not a whit more punctual in his engagements, than he was before he parted with the old one. We have seen watches worn by ladies, that were quite as fickle and inconstant as the hearts to whose pulsation they responded: it was the beauty of the gold, and not the utility of the watch, that was admired; which, telling the truth for a day perhaps, would lie for a month afterwards. This only proves that beauty may exist independent of any association whatever: and, further, as a necessary consequence, that association cannot destroy the original beauty of objects; for let us suppose that the irregularity of the watch we have spoken of occasioned many unpleasant disappointments, and a disappointment is a powerful association, still the beauty of the object remains unimpaired by this associating circumstance. On the other hand, a perfectly plain watch that we may have worn for years, and which, so far from deceiving us as to the time, has, perhaps, from its precision, contributed to enable us, on more occasions than one, either to escape from pain, or to embrace pleasure, while it retains its original plainness, has acquired, from a natural association of ideas, a degree of *interest* which, in such cases, as we have already remarked, more than atones with the wearer for its want of artificial beauty. Nor, in a case of this sort, are we open to the charge made by Sir George Mackenzie, of considering 'known and individual emotions;' for it will be observed, we do not say that the association, in this instance, is capable of imparting

any beauty to the object, but that it simply enhances its value in a sort of moral point of view, in which its artificial value is overlooked; except, perhaps by the man of business, who, all the world over, disclaims *sentimental* associations.

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*Bartholomew Fair.*

'Going to Bartlemy Fair,' asked a young Irishman of very tolerable manners, and with a deal of what is called 'modest assurance.' 'Why, yes—I was never at a Fair in my life—should like to see one.' 'Never at a Fair' insinuated Mr H—, 'why how can any one say that in London, which is in itself a *thorough Fare*; more thorough, perhaps, than any other upon earth!' Never presuming to play upon words myself, I failed to enjoy Mr H's wit—and turning to a young Countryman of mine, I asked him if he would accompany me. 'But what shall we see?' 'See!' ejaculated the Hibernian, 'why, every thing that is rare and odd; from 'Billy,' the rat-killer, to 'Caricatura,' the mime! 'I am told they exhibit plays? 'Aye; they play tricks, as well as tragedies; but all is *fair* play.' Three of us set off in the direction of the far famed Smithfield. We past down into the Strand, along which we continued till we got to the old Bailey, where we faced about to the left. Just before we reached Temple Bar, we met Mr F—who, having been longer in London than ourselves, seemed quite at home. 'Have had the honor, you see,' said he, exhibiting a delicate card, which he informed us he had that moment received from the hand of a fair lady. 'Good God!' I involuntarily exclaimed, 'from a lady? Why what do you mean?' 'Mean, asked the gallant American,' 'why only that the women in London are the most obliging, conciliatory creatures in the world.' 'But did she really give you that card? Was she young? Was she pretty? Was she a lady?' 'Lord help us, why you overwhelm me! Yes, upon my faith, she was all that—bating the last, for which I will not vouch!' 'Ah, I understand; Know no body in London; Valets ape their Lords; Maids their Mistresses; and—' 'All is mystery,' continued Mr F. 'But where are you going?' 'To the Fair, hard-by; will you join us?' 'Nay, my good sir, I have fairly tested that already. Take care of your brows and bills;' and away posted our monitor, to pay his assiduities,

no doubt, in the West end. We encountered in our way through Fleet street, some of the most elegant looking females I had ever beheld. What astonished me, was the utter indifference of the men, who thumped and thwarted them on either side, unmoved by their looks, and regardless of the rich apparel in which the fair creatures ventured to encounter the various obstacles and accidents incident to the ever overflowing streets east of Charles's Statue. We had now reached the old Bailey, and looking in the direction of Smithfield, beheld a truly formidable array of human heads, veering and vacillating within the space of one condensed enormous column, that moved straight on, diverging a little on either side, at the confluence of Skinner and New gate streets, where a sort of land-bay occurs, which forms, as it were, the medium of the junction. We crossed this, and entered at once upon the great scene! The passage on the right, was lined with flower and fruit girls, who put all their insinuating arts in requisition, to attract customers. The 'cries' were, some of them, the most musical, others the most discordant, yet appropriate. A brisk brunette exhibited a bouquet in one hand; while the pure white and red European lass invited you by her eyes and *airs* to patronise her fruit. 'Fine apples, fine apples, two a penny, two a penny.' 'Ripe cherries, cherries ripe, sixpence a pint.' 'A rare collection of specimens, such as have never before been exhibited in the Island,' was announced by a stern and steady looking fellow, upwards of six feet, and in a tone of voice that had been so drilled as never to vary the accent or modulation, which thus produced a monotonous music, and a musical monotony, that kept time to the hundred cries around and above us. 'Here are to be seen the true Dogs that fought the famous Lion, Nero.' We looked up, and saw a huge representation of Nero, and the beasts attacking him front and rear, whilst with one of the Dogs under his paw, and another in his jaws, he stalked majestically and triumphantly round the arena. 'A grand serio-comico divertisement, to begin in fifteen minutes, admittance half a crown.' Voices now assaulted our ears on the left, where a platform, raised in front of the temporary theatre, exhibited two fellows drest to the very life, the one representing a Sandwich Savage; and



the other a native of the Infernal regions. I never saw any thing of the kind better done; particularly the Fiend, who, I have no doubt, had *gone to the devil* some time before; and knew well enough, therefore, how to play his part. After going the round of the Fair, we entered a very decent house of refreshment, which we found filled with women, who partook of all the festivities of the place, with true female fortitude. In a few minutes, a fellow booted and spurred, and exhibiting all the usual insignia of an 'Hip! Hip!' made his appearance, escorting six females, with the most undaunted courage. The rascal, I verily believe, had them all under his *protection*; which was not a merely temporary one. Without being boisterous or consequential, I never saw that mortal who evinced signs and symptoms of more entire satisfaction. His face was the fattest and most comfortable I had yet beheld in that land of fat and comfortable faces. But it was provoking to see one single selfish fellow, appropriate to himself so many fine looking women; one of whom, in addition to a well formed and even graceful person, displayed features, and an expression, that ill accorded with her situation. Mr B— placed his hand thrice upon his heart, and sighed most affectingly, I cannot say, affectingly; a habit which I was surprised he should persist in, when he must have seen it did not pass current with me, on whom I have reason to believe, it was intended to make an impression favorable to his susceptibility. I intimated to him, that the display was well enough when we were alone, or in a place other than the present. 'If you ogle that girl, or make signs to her, you will have that fellow about your ears, believe me.' The fact is, the man was evidently one of the 'fancy,' without belonging to the 'ring;' and such people it is best not to meddle with, unless you can stand your ground; an ability I doubted in my friend, who was a small man, and delicately made. The Fair, offering no further novelties, we retraced our steps back to Pall Mall, in time for dinner, which at that season of the year, it being September, we were permitted to eat by day, and not candle-light; as in the suicidal month of November, which was fast approaching. It had been a day pleasantly spent, and the whole year may be disposed of as agreeably in London. W.

*Genius, as affected by Prosperity and Adversity.*

Prosperity is favorable to Genius, so far as it affords access to the most approved models in literature, furnishes us with the facilities of acquiring the materials of human knowledge, and allows us to devote our attention more exclusively to the cultivation of our intellectual powers. But, farther than this, it operates not in favor of intellect. It is often prejudicial, by inducing habits of indolence, and by leading to those excesses, which enervate both mind and body. It has, moreover, a direct tendency to lessen the influence of those passions, which are most essential to success in every literary undertaking. In prosperity, what need have we for mental exertions, or what room for ambition? We have, already, competence and friends, and 'whereso'er we roam' a flattering reception greets us, favoring smiles illumine our path, every knee bows, and every tongue is full of the incense of adulation. All this, in the abundance of our liberality, we attribute to our own superior merits; and fancy, in her fondness for delusion, pictures a world bowing in homage to our abilities. It is not until we are forced to take sad lessons of experience in the school of adversity, that we are taught better. It is not till then we learn, that something more than *extrinsic* circumstances are necessary to spread abroad our fame, and to render our elevation permanent.

As far as prosperity is favorable to mental improvement, so far must adversity be unfavorable. When we are deprived of proper models, when we are destitute of the facilities of acquiring knowledge, and forced to direct the whole, or a principal part of our time and attention, to the means of procuring bodily subsistence, we cannot hope to bring the powers of the mind to any considerable degree of perfection, if we cannot find an offset to these unfavorable circumstances. Fortunately for man, our beneficent Creator, in constituting the nature of things, hath so ordained, that adversity shall ever bear with it its own antidote; that it shall ever make up, and more than make up, for the losses it causes us to sustain.—Man in adversity, has, without, no pleasing landscape, no 'bowers of glee,' no waving fields of grain promising a golden harvest. There, all is dreary winter! To find enjoyment, he is constrained to seek

within—to explore the little tenement of mind. But this identical circumstance is favorable to the development of one's mental resources. The passions are excited, the powers of the mind, generally, are brought into action; they act and re-act upon each other, and cause all the latent energies of the soul to be unfolded. Some seasoning of adversity appears, in fact, absolutely necessary, in order properly to discipline the mind. Hence it is, that the little group on the pinnacle of fame, like the white-robed 'multitude,' seen in vision, by the Apostle in Patmos, are most of them those who have passed through 'great tribulation.'

Adversity not only *excites* the mind; it imparts a *lustre* to its operations. Genius, ever like the rainbow, displays its colors to greatest advantage in the darkest cloud. It is true, its colors may be seen in the sunshine of prosperity. So may the colors of the rainbow be seen on a cloudless day. They may be seen in the spectrum, and in the cascade. But, there they are wanting in effect. They do not so readily attract attention. In the spectrum, they appear beautiful. In the waterfall, they may appear *grand* and beautiful. But they are exhibited on too small a scale, and there is too much of placidity in the scenery, to produce those ideas of sublimity, which strike the mind 'mute with astonishment.' Much of the effect produced in the cascade, is moreover, to be attributed, not to the colors pictured on the crystal canvass, but to the dashing of the waters, the frowning cliff, and the gloomy chasm. It is alone in the thick cloud, that they answer to all our ideas of sublimity. And it is there, in the gloom of adversity, that Genius most forcibly obtrudes itself into notice, and inspires the mind of the beholder, with a reverence bordering upon awe. It is there that we look upon it as a something elevated above us, as a something destined to glow, with renewed lustre, in a better and a brighter world, when this, our puny globe shall have crumbled into atoms, and the sun have been swept from the disk of the universe. Yes; the man of Genius is superior to the whirlwind's roar and the stormy blast. In the hour of adversity, he stalks majestic amid his fellow men, arrayed in garbs of greatness, borrowed from the wardrobe of Heaven. Envy may rise against him. She may ransack the dark places of ini-

quity on earth, may call her 'spirits from the vasty deep,' muster all her infernal forces, and bid them level against the suffering son of Genius, their most envenomed darts. Vain, vain all her efforts to crush the intended victim of her hate! Her shafts fall harmless at his feet; or pass him, as the empty air, which he regards not.

She cannot send a shaft, or aught  
Endowed with power to crush a thought.

His flesh, indeed, may waste before her poisonous breath, (the immortal mind she can never blight,) but in the last moments of expiring nature, his sinking frame emits a beam of intellect, which, like the 'sword of Gideon, and the sword of the Lord,' spreads consternation thro' the ranks of the enemies of Genius.

The mariner, it has been said, seated on the 'beetling cliff,' conscious of his own security, can view composedly the stormy main, and smile at the billow's rage. So the son of Genius, seated on that eminence to which he has been raised by the energies of his own mind, conscious of his own powers, and of the rectitude of his intentions, views, unconcernedly, the malice of his enemies. If their efforts against him excite any emotions in his bosom, they are those of pity and contempt. Why should he feel other emotions? To his hands are committed the keys to the temple of Fame, and the keys to the pit of infamy. Let him but speak, and his enemies shall stand confounded before him; the sable pit shall yawn to receive them; the scorn of a world shall rest upon them; their 'blushing honors' shall fade away; and they shall be branded with a mark as odious as that impressed upon the front of the fugitive Cain. Yes; know, ye envious! know, ye maligners of a brother's rising fame! that the legitimate son of Genius is elevated as far above you, 'as the heavens are above the earth.' You may possess the mines of Golconda, you may claim the riches of Potosi; these are as a feather, when weighed in the balance against the treasures of the mind. The lustre of your 'fine linen and embroidered vestments,' compared with the lustre of intellect, is as the faint glimmering of the glow-worm, compared with the bright effulgence of a noon-day's sun. Your stores may, like 'hills o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps, arise,' but with all their aid, you can never arrive at half the height, to

which the son of Genius attains, by the sole aid of his own native powers. Though your beds be down, and his the barren heath; though your haunts be in 'kings palaces,' and his in the untented field; though your companions be the misnamed noble of the land, and his, the meagre sons of want, he is still your superior, in the estimation of the wise, and more dearly beloved in the sight of Heaven. He is illumed by the emanations of an Eternal Mind. He is upheld by an Eternal hand. He is a chosen instrument, in the designs of omnipotence, to effect the beneficent purposes of eternity, to improve mankind, to refine their sentiments, to elevate their views, and thus, to prepare the world, for the ushering in of that day of glory and of triumph, when 'the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad, and when the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

Rise, then, desponding sons of Genius! dash away your sable habiliments, cast your fears behind you, gird on the armor of intellect, ascend the Pisgah of science, and view the Canaan she spreads before you: For there are laurels, ever blooming laurels awaiting you; and there are garlands, tinged, not with the blood of the slaughtered, but interwoven with the locks of Beauty, and tipped with the golden hues of immortality. Stretch forth your hands and take, for 'the promise is made to you,' and it is guaranteed by the spirit of the age. That spirit bids you, clothe yourselves in vigor, walk forth in the majesty of your strength, and 'the kingdom, and the power, and the glory' of earth are yours! J S B.

#### *The Garden Flower.*

I love the Garden Flower,  
It's verdure is to me  
Not like the rose or violet,  
Or common ones we see.  
The pink has many beauties,  
The jas'mine rich and bright—  
But my sweet Garden Flow'r  
Affords me more delight.

*Old English Song.*

The Garden was as fine a one as could be looked at, or rambled in; it was well laid out, filled with green and smiling shrubbery, ornamented with flowers; enriched with botanical curiosities, heart emblems and other pretty and fantastical things of various kinds, conjured up by fancy and taste for the delight and conquest of the senses. The gravel walk was a particularly long and fine one; and the line of beauty was preserved in its design

and execution, according with Blair's definition. In short, every thing there to be met with, exhibited the most chastened taste and arch and delicate fancy, and contributed in every essential, to make the Garden what it really was, a delightful retreat for the happy, the inconsiderate, gay and sportive, as well as for the grave, sad and sentimental. Sheltered from the heat of the sun, its bowers, were arched with the most beautiful foliage and flowers, mingling with rich fruitage of the choicest kinds; secure from intrusion and noise by the extent and impervious depth of its hedges, and furnished with rural seats, with a carpet of green and well pruned grass, it was admirably fitted for study or repose. But I do not know that any of these added much to my enjoyment as a visitor, or would have taken any great deal from my gratification, had they been lost. My source of boyish gratification was to be found, not in the path of graceful and quaintly trimmed trees, and arched bowers; nor rich fruit of inviting outside, and tempting ripeness, and melting and delicious excellence within; but in the laughing and somewhat quaintly comparisoned form of a young girl about fifteen years of age, who first made my acquaintance, by pelting me with oranges and laughing at me as I tumbled over the fence in a vain endeavor to pursue and overtake her.

It is strange how soon the transition is made from the boy to the man. How soon the mind turns from the pursuits of the child, to the higher labors of the understanding, and in fact, how rapidly after we fall in love, we begin to experience the cares of life. A boy up to the time I met Euphrosyne, I then became a man. I left the society of my play fellows, and though I knew not the quality and scarcely the name of love, I was its slave. I was only pleased when peeping through the railing of the aforesaid garden; and always returned home sad and dispirited when she failed to meet my sight. I would go unfailingly to our place of meeting, with the punctuality of an old veteran in the affairs of love, yet with all the artlessness and simplicity of a child. When I look back to that early period, I cannot but think that her feelings were the same as my own, and that she loved with as much fervency as myself, for she was always at the garden wall when I came, and frequently reproached me with not coming sooner. Thus passed a year;



how rapidly it passed. I left her one evening about twilight; we had lingered long together; and the sadness of deep love had made itself well understood by us both. She sighed and complained of a violent head-ache. I pressed my lips upon her pale forehead, and my heart trembled, as it will never tremble again. I spoke some passionate words and she answered me as incoherently. I pressed her to me and I made my first passionate vow. It startled us both; how idle were all words; we had looked them and felt them, and acknowledged them, often and long before; but hitherto we had never dared to utter them. They were productive of a pleasant sadness, which however strange the comparison, I have never felt on any occasion since, save in the breeze of the evening at sea, just after the setting of the sun. We separated, and I slept none that night. The succeeding days passed over heavily, and at the evening I went with new and strange emotions to the appointed place of our meeting. She was not there. I waited impatiently; twilight came on, the birds ceased to chirp, and an occasional sparrow was all that remained of the choir of feathered songsters that usually occupied the scene; and still she came not. I knew not what to fear, yet feared every thing. I thought she might be disposed to plague me, while she enjoyed my suspense, and the relief afforded me by the conjecture made me laugh aloud; a strange echo answered me; it was my own, multiplied by every grove in the garden into a dozen voices, that seemed to laugh at me. I plucked several oranges, and threw about in the hope to drive her from her hiding place, should she be concealed any where in the garden. But in vain. Every thing was under the dominion of silence, and my steps and sighs were all that disturbed the solemn reign of this voiceless deity. I knew not how to account for the absence of Euphrosyne. It was almost the first time in the whole course of our intimacy, that she failed to meet me. I was a stranger to her family, and dared not intrude into the dwelling. Her parents were wealthy, mine poor; wretchedly poor. The bar between us was insurmountable, and I went home to my lonely chamber, after lingering to the 'ninth hour' about the garden. The morning of the next day came; the evening followed, and I sought the Garden, but she came not. I lingered as before.

I ventured to call her name; but no other answer than its repetition from the numerous echoes that had maddened me before. Two days more elapsed in the same manner; at length in a state of madness I rushed to her house. I entered it without impediment; here and there I beheld a servant with strange and vacant looks. I entered the halls and knew my fate at once. The family were around; Their looks had many voices, I had none. No inquiry was made, no obstruction offered; I penetrated the crowd and beheld all the solemn mockery and trappings of death; they surrounded Euphrosyne. The smile had not left her lip, nor had the freshness of her cheek entirely departed. They had robbed the flowers of the Garden to deck her virgin loveliness, but the sweetest Flower of the Garden was dead?

#### *Piety and Virtue.*

We frequently hear it said that confidence in God, putting our trust in a powerful and overruling providence, are the best consolations for the oppressed and persecuted. That this is indeed the only safe shelter for the virtuous few who are hunted down by the hatred, the contempt, and the abuse of their superiors in power and wealth; that appeals to heaven serve, in many instances, to raise up and support desponding and drooping spirits, to animate and inspire the soul with vigor and strength, to kindle and keep alive our hopes, and at length to lift us above those inferior beings who look with equal confidence upon worldly attractions, no one will for a moment doubt or dispute. But may it not, with equal propriety be asked, whether, with thousands, these things have not lost the effect they were expected to produce! When is it that unreasonable appeals are made to the God of mercy through the medium of *assumed* piety, and with the hope of instant forgiveness? Is it not when, perhaps, merited calamities fall suddenly upon those whose lives and whose conduct should have been a just warning of what they might look for or expect? And in such cases can the philanthropist be surprised, if to the cry of the wicked he should perceive no relief?

Of what value would be those enviable feelings of tranquility and content, which calm the bosoms of good men, if the bad and evil disposed were also permitted to enjoy them? Suppose one to have lived in hostility with the world, to

have dipped his hand in the blood of his neighbor, to have sinned through sport, and to have been in other respects totally regardless of those moral checks which the laws of society and the laws of God have placed around him; would you say of such a being that his cry should be heard simply because it issued from a frame broken down with poverty and woe? It is for this reason, therefore, that hourly complaints may be heard among mankind, that constant murmuring is sometimes seen to disturb the guilty soul, while but few, very few, are released from the troubles and disquietudes which, in some shape or other, disturb and perplex their earthly pilgrimage. The almost expiring words of Wolsey carry a moral with them worthy the attention of all those who vainly build their hopes upon the fleeting joys of human grandeur.

'O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I served my King, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.'

It has been finely said that 'a good man struggling with adversity is a sight worthy of the gods!' and why is it that such a spectacle is so justly lauded? will not the discerning mind say at once, that it is so distinguished because it is not less rare than imposing; when a good man lifts his hands to heaven and calls upon his maker in the fervency of prayer and the fullness of sincerity to listen to his cry and hearken to his voice, does he expect instant relief, or perpetual immunity? does he expect to be immediately transported to ease and tranquility, to bask in the sunshine of wealth or riot in the splendors of luxury? does he carry his imagination to those pleasurable emotions which suddenly spring in the soul, at scenes of joy and merriment? Or, should he be engulfed in grief, or stricken down with disease, does he permit himself to believe that his appeals however sincere, however ardent, can give vigor to a broken spirit, or bring back the being who shared his joys and divided his sorrows? Such *imaginings* would be the offspring of the weakest intellect; a far more noble, a far more elevated feeling inspires him to pray, and enlivens all his hopes. He calls upon his God not to change his decrees, but to afford him the means of bearing them; he asks not for that which would be presumption in a worm, but that which the humblest may solicit—pity, commiseration, and strength. And when have we

seen that such beings, appealing for such relief, are turned off and wholly disregarded by an almighty power full of mercy and full of compassion? It is true, the casual spectator cannot see the inward workings of his soul, and is, therefore, frequently at a loss to say how the suppliant is answered, but look to the rest of his life; mark his future course, and the least discerning eye will discover the efficacy of his prayer in the direction of his morals and the impulses of his heart. From the moment he places his confidence in an overruling providence, from that moment he is altered from a murmuring unsettled, distracted creature, to a calm, dignified and forbearing being. That instant he feels the protecting spirit of an all-wise and powerful God, he is, as it were, by the force of magic, transformed from a weak and trembling creature, to a being of immense power and might; life has for him few charms, death no terrors; with Jehovah as a friend and an unsullied conscience for a shield, what power is there on earth that can turn him from his purpose, what dark clouds can dim the light that flashes before him, to give life and energy and strength to all his designs and all his undertakings. Then may he indeed exclaim with conscious pride, 'in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock.' Previous to this he viewed poverty as a curse, and wealth as the only means to the great ends of human happiness; now the former he regards as the companion of virtue, and the latter too frequently the source of misery and woe; like the untrammelled savage of the wilderness he walks erect, and none shall say with truth that he is false to himself or to his God. From the aid of piety and virtue he has obtained that which no human power can bestow, or take away; a clear and tranquil conscience; a mind far above the glare and pageantry of the world; a soul which inwardly and secretly communes with that living fountain from which springs all virtue and all perfection. What if he be assailed by the malice, or the envy, or the cruelty of bad men. Like another Socrates he may tender an offering to God, and smile upon his enemy. What if his words be tortured to harm, his character blackened by the tongue of slander, and his appeals to justice and reason thrown back upon him with dis-

dain, with the panoply of virtue he is elevated far above the reach of those, whose attacks, are as arrows of feathers, thrust against walls of stone. What if he be caged in a prison of iron and the chains of cruelty fastened thick upon him, his persecutors may lacerate his body, but they cannot touch his soul; they may check his utterance, but it is far beyond their power to arrest the progress of his thoughts. Such will ever be the vast protection afforded to good men by the aid of piety and virtue.

Yet these are comparatively but few of the advantages which result from rational piety, and the practice of virtue. As every one who communes with his creator in public or in private must be supposed to venerate his goodness, so will it be natural for him to imitate that excellence so visible in all his works; he will, in time, find himself performing those acts of kindness and mercy which he knows to be the attributes of God, and which he himself has experienced. As he will sometimes necessarily be induced to implore forgiveness for himself or others, so will he learn to look with lenity and compassion on the errors of his fellow creatures. As he approximates to God, while he increases his stock of virtue, so will he, in time, come to be far removed from those feelings of hostility and revenge which debase and degrade the inhabitants of the lower world. Another important advantage will attend him throughout his life. As no *positive* rewards for virtue, nor certain punishments for crime not cognizable by human laws are visible in this world, so will he learn to bear with patience and submission all the calamities which may fall to his lot, and to fix as his standard for good conduct, not the decrees of the legislator, but his own sense of the true distinctions which exist between *right* and *wrong*.

'The mind is its own palace, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,'

He will also seek knowledge as one of the surest means to the great end of his being; the pursuit of happiness. This will likewise teach him the proper employment of his time; for as he will discover from the lessons which piety affords that life is short and uncertain so will he not permit the present time to be lost, but will secure, at least, a portion of his existence, in performing those acts of charity and goodness, which, while they

may serve to alleviate the misfortunes of his fellow men, will render himself a fitter object for divine mercy and compassion. Not less than all this will be the advantage of piety when directed to that great sin which, it would seem, is the secret cause of at least half the miseries which visit and perplex mankind; that great sin 'by which the Angels fell!' we need not say we mean, that bane of the world, *ambition*! Not a virtuous ambition, which by fair and legitimate means would great and noble ends attain, but that 'vaulting ambition,' which like the fatal tree of the east, spreads its horrid and pestilential influence to all who come within its reach; we mean the ambition of the peasant as well as the king; the crime of him who would be great in a village, or him who passes through fields of slaughter to a throne. The ambition against which, the noble Roman shook 'his crimson steel' before the 'prostrate tyrant.'

Nothing but the influence of piety will stop the progress of this passion, and with it, wars, famine, and the loss of empires. When individuals or the rulers of nations look into themselves, and learn their own errors and imperfections, they will soon begin to discover that the love of glory, is too small an incentive for drenching the world in blood; they will see how trifling are the triumphs and conquests over physical man when compared to the conquests of mind over matter; of moral conquests; of the conquests of truth over error, they will then turn their attention to the pleasing task of bettering the condition of their species, of opening and enlightening the mind, of softening the heart, of diffusing the lights of science, education and rational piety, of making the sword give way to a much more powerful instrument in the hands of a merciful prince, the means of extending to all his subjects universal knowledge. It was wisdom which Lord Bacon properly called power. Thus they will in time acknowledge that the single triumph of turning the channels of vice into virtue, will be worth all the crowns of military glory.

It requires but little to explain the abuse of piety. It consists in making it the vehicle by which we advance our temporal interests; in other words, of assuming a character which does not belong to us so as to deceive the world and get into favor and countenance with the really virtuous, or the simple and credulous part of the



community. As nothing can possibly be more destructive to the morals of a people than this practice, so nothing will be, sooner or later, more certainly detected and put to shame. Circumstances will sometimes occur which will insensibly lead us to an opposite course, and when this is the case, it will require not the most discerning eye to distinguish the pure from the base coin. We fear that this disgraceful practice is more common in all communities, (ours not less than others,) than can be well imagined; how often do we hear of fraud being committed, by some hitherto regarded as the very pillars of the church. How often is seen the cloak of spurious religion covering vice and tyranny; the evil lies in this, that when we discover these things proceeding from those we regarded as really pious, we come to doubt of the existence of all true piety, and thus forego the use of a thing from the abuse of it. True piety also should be free and liberal; every thing, therefore, which tends to enslave the mind and cramp the reasoning power; any thing which goes to subserve the private interests of men, and not to advance the cause of God, must, from its very nature, be directly at war with true piety; and this truth is only distinctly seen, when the imposition is removed, and the wills of all are left free and untrammelled; hence the glorious results of the christian reformation; hence the origin and cause of American liberty and American independence. The sacred and indisputable *right* of all men to worship God in their own way, and according to their own views was the leading germ from which has grown up the liberties of this great republic. M.

[Rather a frank fellow, don't know but we may take him up.—Ed.]

#### Take a Bath.

Have you been to the Bathing House this season, Mr Editor? if not, take my advice and go to-morrow afternoon. A fine tide at six will make you quite comfortable; remove the Dengue, sooner than Laurel Oil, and make you as provokingly at ease, in the use of your limbs, as any young man might conceive it proper for him to be. I took a Bath yesterday, after a preparatory lounge in the gallery, above; from whence, with all the curiosity of a cockney, to whom such things might be new, I surveyed the harbor, steam boat, &c, and had as much Island

air and more water for 25 cents than I could have got by going to the Island. Tell it not to the Temperate Society, Mr Editor, I took a ——— ‘what-do-you-think?’ — a new name for sling. Fraser should keep porter and ale, in order that the members of the Temperate Society, may set a good example to the thirsty ones, who like more positive stuff.

Did you ever, Mr Editor, take in a mouthful of salt water? It has a strange taste; very pleasant too, when you get used to it. Nothing half so good for dyspepsia, the liver too, grows comfortable upon it—

‘Pray, how’s *your* liver?’

If disordered, take a bath to set it right again; if in good order, take a bath, in order to try the feeling of disorder; very strange, I assure you. Say you’ll go, Mr Editor, and I shall meet you at a game of Backgammon and give you the *ace* points, *sixes* if you prefer. At any rate come and let me convince you of the excellence of the Bath, and my play. I shall be there precisely at six. Yours, spiritually,  
EGO.

#### Libel.

The Greenlanders are said, generally, to show their resentment for injuries by giving their adversaries fair notice, that, on a certain day, before a large assembly, they will deliver a libel against them; it is reckoned a want of spirit, if the person thus notified, does not attend and make a smart answer. Now this is the proper way to do business and remove all necessity of a court of honor. The *right* cannot suffer in such a contest, and the *wrong* will receive as a punishment, the award of its judges, the people—arbiters, who, however they may be misled by the designing, are generally found to settle down at last, into what is correct.

*Query.*—Is not this, however, a duel, in every sense of the term?

A professed male intriguer may be likened to those reptiles that feed upon plants and flowers, which they are obliged to bruise, in order to obtain their sweets.

#### Native Americans.

So peculiarly distinct an animal did the Native American appear to the earlier invaders of the country, that a *Papal Bull* was had recourse to, in order to induce them to consider him a man.

*Cruel Sarcasm.*

A neatly printed journal published at New York was put into our hands yesterday, where under the name of every State are placed the occurrences of most importance in that section. Under the name of 'South Carolina' is found only 'the establishment of a society for the promotion of temperance, the great body of the people having become such notorious drunkards, that the sober residue, are compelled to form a compact for the purpose of keeping grog from the intemperate mass.' See! ye temperate men, the evil ye have brought upon us!

*South American Incas.*

Mr Ranking, in his 'Wars and Sports of the Moguls,' maintains the Mogul origin of the South American Incas. Grotius, Hornius, and Robertson contend for the Asiatic origin of the North and South American tribes. The object of Ranking's work, seems to be to prove that no bones of any fossil animal have yet been found, except in situations where it is probable they were placed by the hands of man. Professor Buckland, in the 'Transactions of the Geological Society' (recent No.) gives an account of the lately discovered *Test*, whereby antediluvian bones may be distinguished from those of recent deposition.

*The Torture.*

Torture by the rack and the gallies seems to have been as well known in England as elsewhere, for we find by the 39th Eliz Cap iv, that the gallies were a common mode of punishment. King James, in his works, also mentions that the rack was shewn to Guy Fawkes to induce a confession. The question was put to the judges (Rushw Coll.) upon the murder of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, whether he could not be tortured in order to extort a confession.

*The Emperor Augustus.*

Augustus, the celebrated, extolled Augustus, proscribed his personal friend, Cicero, behaved cruelly and cowardly at Philippi, and would have conducted a female, (Cleopatra) in chains to Rome, to grace his triumph!

There is, alas! no 'probatical pond' for the mind or heart, wherein they may be cleansed and purified.

*Knights Templars.*

The members of this order, in the time of Edward II, were so persecuted, that a *Valet* of that monarch, who wore his beard without clipping (a peculiarity belonging to this order) was compelled to procure a writ of privy seal, certifying that *he was not* a Knight Templar. How much more easy to have shaved himself.

*The Roman Comedy.*

The Comedy of the Romans was of four kinds: The Comedia Togata, or Pretextata: The Tabernaria: The Attellanæ: and the Mimi. The Attellanæ was peculiar, the dialogue was *unwritten*, the subject was prescribed, and the filling up of the dialogue was left to the ingenuity of the actors.

*The Venus of Praxitiles.*

Nicomedes, of Bythnia, offered the Cnydians to pay an enormous debt under which they labored, if they would give him the Venus of Praxitiles. We dare say, however, that Nicomedes is looked upon as a *Barbarian* at Washington.

*Horsemanship.*

Ben Johnson, says in his discoveries, p 704 ed 1692, Princes learn no art truly, but the art of Horsemanship; the reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer, and will throw a prince as soon as a groom.

*Editorial Notice.*

Truly have our Correspondents been liberal and attentive. We have been more favored of late with contributions than we had any reason to expect—have been enabled to close our desk for the first time for the last six months and take a lounge through King street of an afternoon, just as the ladies were coming out and the sun going in; probably because *they were coming out*. We acknowledge the receipt of the following articles. 1. Sculpture. 2. Spanish Literature. 3. Codification. 4. Beecher on Intemperance. 5. Perversion of Man's Powers. 6. Time is ever silently, &c. 7. Clara Fisher. 8. Stanzas.

We do not promise an insertion of all these papers in our next, having prior communications on hand which we must first dispose of. Will the writer of the paper on 'Popular Education,' oblige us with a second copy. The first has been mislaid.